

KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE.

BY GEORGE W. HARLOW,

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

The CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance.
Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount (\$10) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.
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A MILLERITE MIRACLE.

In a little village in the State of Hoosierana, in the year 1845, there was 'all sorts' of excitement concerning the doctrines and prophecies of that arch-deceiver, Miller. For months the 'Midnight Cry,' followed by the 'Morning Howl,' and the 'Noonday Yell,' had circulated through the village and surrounding counties, to an extent not even equalled by Duncan's Coon Speech. Men disposed of their property for little or nothing. The women were pale and ghastly from watching and praying, and in fact the whole population, or at least those who believed in the coming ascension, looked as if they were about half over a second attack of the chills and fever. There were, however, some 'choice spirits,' (not choice in theirs, however,) who notwithstanding the popularity of the delusion, would not enlist under the banner of the ascensionists; and among these was a wild, harum-scarum blade from 'Down East,' by the name of Cabe Newham. Now Cabe was as hard a 'case' as you would meet on a fourth of July in Texas, always alive for fun and sport of any, and every description, and a strong disbeliever in Millerism.

The night of the 3d of April was the time agreed upon out West here, for the grand exhibition of 'ground and lofty tumbling,' and about ten o'clock of the said night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the out-skirts of the town, on a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand. In the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a free negro by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, woolly and rough a descendant of Ham, as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of hames; in fact, put Sam on a horse, his legs clasped round his neck, his head towards the tail, & his arms clasped over the animal's hams, and at ten paces off you would swear he was an old set of patent gearing.

The leader of the Millerites, owing to 'an ancient grudge he bore him,' hated Sam 'like smoke,' and had done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the elect; but all to no purpose—Sam would creep in at every meeting, and to-night here he was again, dressed in a white robe of cheap cotton, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now on the morning of the third, Cabe had, with a deal of perseverance, and more trouble, managed to throw a half inch hemp cord over the branch of an oak which stretched its long arm directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble—one end he had secured to the body of the tree and the other to a stump some distance off. About ten o'clock, when the excitement was getting about '80 lbs. to the inch,' Cabe, wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd, and proceeded to fasten, in as secure a manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt which confined Sam's robe—succeeded, and 'eloped' to join some of his companions at the other end. The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene, and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard exclaiming, 'Gor Almighty! I'm a goin' up! Whooh! and sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the 'etherial blue;' his ascent was

however checked when he had cleared 'terra firma' a few feet. 'Glory!' cried one, 'Hallelujah!' another, and shrieks and yells made night hideous; some fainted, others prayed, and not a few dropped their robes and 'slid.' Now whether it was owing to the lightness of his head, or to the length and weight of his heels, or both, Sam's position was not a pleasant one—the belt to which Cabe's cord was attached was bound exactly around his centre of gravity, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heels up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a pendulum, which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands, and vigorous kicking. At length he became alarmed, he wouldn't go up, and he couldn't come down! 'Lor a Massy!' cried he, 'jest take 'um poor nigger to 'um bosom, or lef him down again easy, easy, Gor Almighty! Lef him down again, please um Lord, and dis nigger will go straight to um bed! Ugh!'—and Sam's teeth chattered with affright, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing his head directly downward, and his heels up, when a woman, shrieking out 'Oh! brother Sam, take me with you,' sprung at his head as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up 'all standing.' 'Gosh! sister,' cried Sam, 'lef go um poor nigger's har!' Cabe gave another pull at the rope, but the additional weight was too much; the belt gave way, and down came Sam, his bullet head taking the leader of the saints a 'feeler' just between the eyes. 'Gosh! I is down again!' cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up; 'I is, bress de Lord! but I was nearly dar, I seed de gates!' The leader wiped his overflowing proboscis, took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, and giving him a kick 'a la posteriore,' said, 'Leave! you cussed baboon, you're so d—d ugly I know'd they wouldn't let you in!'

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

When the British fleet had entered the Baltic, under command of Admiral Parker, and it was determined to attack the Danish forces at Copenhagen, in order to detach the Danes from the powerful confederacy of the north, then united against Great Britain, Nelson being second in command, proposed to Parker that he would take ten ships and break the enemy's line; Parker assented to the proposal, but furnished him with twelve ships—himself remaining out of reach with the remainder of the fleet.—Nelson, with a boldness of the manoeuvre, proceeded to the attack. The battle had waged for some time, when Admiral Parker perceiving the determined resolution of the Danes, and fearing that the English ships, much injured in their rigging would be exposed to be run aground, gave orders for the discontinuance of the action. Nelson perceiving this signal thrown out at Admiral Parker's mast head, gave way to a noble expression of indignation. He had lost the use of one eye, and taking up the glass and placing it to his blind eye, he said, sarcastically—"I really don't see Parker's signal for leaving off the action," and so he kept his own signal for closer battle still flying. This noble act of imprudence, says M. Thier, (to whom we are indebted for the anecdote) was followed, as it often happens to audacious boldness, by a successful result. [Mississippian.]

CHANGES OF FORTUNE.—We see so many instances of changes in fortune to men, that all should be admonished to attach no value to wealth alone. We have noticed a once rich merchant now a porter in the Alms House, and we have hundreds of such instances which should teach us humility. An individual in Buffalo who, in the great expansion of business in 1836, stood next to Rathbun, with property valued at eleven millions, is now engaged in the humble, but honest, employment of driving a horse-cart and peddling sand about the streets of Buffalo, while his wife supports herself as a nurse.

"Susan," said an Irish gentleman the other day to his servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?" "In honor of the Duke of York's birth day, Mr. Murphy," was the reply. "None of your tricks upon travellers," replied Pat; "sure 'twas the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's four days after, unless they are twins?"

Frightened at a Gong.

We have heard a funny story told of a young fellow, residing in one of the tobacco growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his backwoods 'fetching up' had thrown upon his manners.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack house of the place, and thither he at once went with bag and baggage. Just before dinner his friend called upon him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the first stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Supposing we take something to start an appetite?" said the chap who had "just come down."

"Agreed," rejoined his city friend; "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed, "Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with—"Did you ring the bell, sir?" "Bell? no, d—n your bell; I never touched a bell in my life. What bell? I never saw your bell."

"Somebody rang the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell"—and then turning to his friend he exclaimed, aside, "Let's lie him out of it; I shan't have a cent left to get home if I pay the entire damage. What do they set such rascally traps for, to take in folks from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner, a simple summons to "walk down to soup" got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining-room, but it was some time before the young tobacco grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong—"It was a God-send," he said, "that the crash did not turn his hair gray on the spot." [N. O. Pic.]

A KIND ACT.—How sweet is the remembrance of a kind act! As we rest on our pillows, or rise in the morning it gives us delight. We have performed a good deed to a poor man; we have made the widow's heart to rejoice, we have dried the orphan's tears. Sweet, Oh how sweet the thought! There is a luxury in remembering the kind act.—A storm careers above our heads, all is black as midnight—but the sunshine is in our own bosom—the warmth is felt there. The kind act rejoices the heart, and giveth delight inexpressible. Who will not be kind? Who will not do good? Who will not visit those who are afflicted in body or mind? To spend an hour among the poor and depressed.

"Is worth a thousand passed in pomp or ease—'tis present to the last." [Portland Tribune.]

A young lady returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said coachman. "Oh, no," said she. "I am so heavy." "Lord, marm," replied John, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar!"

The Chinese Empire.

We find in the Newburyport Herald, a sketch of Mr. Cushing's Lecture before the Lyceum of that place.

Mr. C. has a much better opinion of the intelligence and capacity of the Chinese than those who have had no opportunity of intercourse with that people have been wont to entertain. A large class of the people are learned; as a nation, they are ingenious beyond others; the whole country is like a bee-hive.—Learning has the first place in the public estimation, and books are as numerous as in Europe. A catalogue which Mr. C. had in his possession of a single library, occupies ten volumes. Public measures are debated by the populace as much as in the United States; and public opinion has as much influence in China, on the government, as with us. The fatal error of the Chinese has been in giving too epicurean a character to their habits of government. One illustration of this cited, was the fact, that at the close of all letters to one another, the written salutation is, 'I wish you tranquility and promotion.' They lack only military skill and discipline to make them a powerful nation, capable of repelling invasion or overrunning contiguous countries; for no men are braver, or die more fearlessly in the ranks.

China does not need any foreign trade. Within her own territory she produces every thing requisite for the wants of her population.

Newspapers as well as books abound and circulate freely among the Chinese, and the Pekin Gazette, particularly, penetrates to every part of the Empire. They annually publish a Red Book, similar to our Blue Book, giving the names and emoluments of all public officers.

In regard to the population of China, Mr. Cushing seems to be of the opinion that the Chinese census does not overrate the number, and that the three hundred and fifty millions which they claim, is not far from the number. In the southern part of the country two crops a year are raised, and the poorer classes subsist on a little rice, and the flesh of dogs, cats, rats, &c. To the cities and towns there are no carriage-ways; the streets are only narrow footpaths, and no horses or other beasts of burthen are kept to require large ranges of pasturage. The population is crowded into the narrowest limits, by a long succession of ages of peace and industry. The compensation asked by the servants which Mr. C., in his character of American Ambassador, employed, was only five dollars a month, and out of this they found their own food and clothing.

The Chinese have long been acquainted with all the improvements in the arts, upon which Europeans pride themselves as the inventors, with the exception only of the steam engine. Machinery has not been introduced among them. The wrong impressions which have been obtained in regard to the Chinese character, have been caused by the always difficult and often erroneous translations from a primitive language, which frequently make what in the original was rational and serious, appear in the translation absurd and ludicrous.

EARLY MARRIAGE.—When I was worth \$150 I married. My wife earned thirty-one and a quarter cents with her needle. I earned seventy-five cents with my hammer; yet I never to this day was without a loaf of bread and a shilling. You have heard how Lowrie Todd began house-keeping; the inventory was true: we had but three chairs, one more than our need; you may have a hundred, yet you can only sit on one at a time. Had I my life to begin anew and under the same circumstances, I would do just as I did then: at the age of 22 I would rather lodge by the bush with the woman of my choice, than to strut over a Turkey carpet, gaze on the sofa, yawn by the piano, and dream over the side board in all the dark, gloomy and horrible forebodings of a bachelor of forty, for they know the time is past—25 years that can never be recalled. [Gen. Thornburn.]

SACRED MUSIC.—Among the pieces sung at a sacred concert out West, we notice—"Barney, leave the girls alone," "Go it while you're young," and "Molly, put the kettle on."

A farmer in Danvers, Mass., has raised three thousand bushels of onions, the present season, on seven acres of land!

Militia Eloquence—who's afeerd?

We are not informed which of our gallant militia officers made the following spirit-ed address to his warriors at the last General Review—

'Friends, Countrymen and Sodgers! Tenshun Squad! This is a great country, and has got a taring start among the white nations and Injuns of the arth. What makes it great? What does the conglomerated elementum of its greatness cum from? I answer—jist bring your right foot into line, Sargent Smike—I answer in a voice of hash thunder—The Militia!

Stop your darn'd cheering men: don't applause at my eloquence, for you'll put me out if you do. Yes! the Militia.—Take that away, and there aint nuthin left. The Militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable consarn, but for the Militia. It keeps the ardent sperits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic feverosity. I am attached to it myself. I think it's rich. The system can't be bettered. Folks call it a 'farce.' I don't see nothin' to laugh at in it. It's a plaguey solemn piece of business, when you come to hug down to the naked reality on't. 'Taint everybody that can put on the regimentalities 'and look like old Mars, the God of War, with a deciaed touch of Julius Junius Brutus Ceaze her thrown in for effect. No sir-ee! There aint a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full catouterments of glory, with stripes to his breecherloons, epelets piled up on his shoulders, brass buttons from head to foot, silver stars shinin in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand. Such a site's enuff to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!

I believe the preluscent delirium of this destined Republic is centered in its militia. It can't stand without it.—With it, its proud motto is, 'DIVIDED WE STAND, UNITED WE FALL.'

'Stop cheerin'—you will put me out: 'General Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sipyio Afri-cane-us; so did Boneypart; so did that old Wizzo-goth that ravished all Europe and burnt its fences and its stone walls, and so also, sodgers, do I.

I believe if all out of doors bust threw the parafurnailye of the animal economy and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency ker-slump into the broad Savannars of this smilin' land of asses milk and untained honey, that nuthin astr could poot 'em out but the Militia! That ar a fact! Three cheers for the Militia in general, and the 9999th Regiment in partikler. Sodgers! ground arms!

'Who's afeerd? Whar's Mexico, Kaliforniko, and Orrigon? Who's afeerd of them? Sodgers! The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar yallar, half Spanish varmint, that Mexico, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is Liberty and death, now and forever, one and inseparable. Whooray for Mexas! Down with Texico! Let's lick her!

Discovery of the magnetic pole.—Dr Locke, of Cincinnati, is lecturing in that city on the subject of Electro Magnetism. The Chronicle says:

Among other things he mentioned the discoveries he had made and the facts accumulated, in regard to the Magnetic Poles, and the line of greatest intensity. This has been a subject of examination with him for several years. He considers now that the Magnetic Poles are discovered—at least their immediate locality. His views on this subject have been confirmed by other observers.—One of the Magnetic Poles is in Siberia and another in the Northern part of America. The line of the greatest intensity is near the shores of Lake Superior.

HINTS TO GIRLS.—A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have failed.

A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments and mawkish sentiments which are shallow as her mind.

A good girl always respects herself, and therefore, always possesses the respect of others.